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THE DUBLIN LITERARY GAZETTE,

OR

WEEKLY CHRONICLE OF CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES, AND FINE ARTS.

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PEN SKETCHES, BY ANTHONY OUTLINE.

NO. I.

INTRODUCTORY.

To blend instruction with amusement, should be the chief aim of him who writes light essays and tales; and such has been the object of the writer of the following sketches.

He has long lamented the unhappy consequences that have flowed, especially here, in his native country, from misrepresentations and misconceptions of the motives and feelings of those, who are separated from each other by a conscientious adherence to their respective creeds.

He has often mixed in society where the expression of political or sectarian antipathies, was in vexatious opposition to the benevolent hearts of those who uttered them; and frequently has he seen the same hand raised in all the vehemence of party denunciation, that ere long, was generously stretched forth, to succour and protect the wretched and forlorn!—On these occasions, he has anxiously wished that they whose feelings may have been wounded by the asperity of the politician, were present to witness the benevolence of the man.

The graphic designation under which these trifles appear, will, it is hoped, prevent the reader from expecting any thing more than a slight indication of character: sketches come within the grasp of ordinary faculties and humble powers; but to enter deeply into the feelings—to give the finished work—to paint the soul—has been reserved for the pencil of Wilkie, and the pen of Scott.

Amongst the horrors and evils of civil war and rebellion, the spirit of hatred and revenge that survives, has ever been found both destructive and lasting, long after the country has put on the appearance of tranquillity and submission to the laws; and the malevolent spirit of retaliation is often found still to exist, waiting but for an opportunity to indulge itself in all the atrocity of smothered but deadly revenge. This has been too often, and too fatally proved, in the burnings and murders that have disgraced this unhappy country, since the rebellion of 98, nor could it be otherwise; the cruelties inflicted by both parties, at that frightful period of our history, left no ground on which a rational hope could be founded, that mutual forgiveness or forgetfulness could be expected during the generation of that day. That fell spirit, however, had not dared to manifest itself for some years after the period that had given it birth: the rigour of martial law, had, as it were, seared over the surface of the political ulcer; in plain words, force served to keep both parties in check.

The year that immediately followed that epoch of disturbance, was one of almost famine: the fury of party zeal and political hatred, had, in some degree, subsided under the afflicting visitation of that period: starvation

is a stern queller of the bitterest animosities, and as a community of suffering is most likely to produce a feeling of common sympathy, so the rancour of human hearts often melted into a mutual commiseration and pity. That such was the intention of Him, whose chastening afflictions are always blessings in disguise, we cannot doubt. He saw the people of this then ill-managed and unhappy country, in a state of warfare against each other, and against Him! all their worst passions had been roused to a pitch of the most demoniacal excitement: the laws of God and man, were alike trampled on and disregarded; and the spirit of rancour, and the thirst for blood, had sunk so deep into the nation's heart, that if it had not been made to feel its common dependence on an all-merciful creator; and if the people had not been thus brought together, by a visitation that threatened all alike, to receive each from the other, the social charities of life, the scenes that must have ensued, could have been none other, than those of carnage and extermination.

It was during this year of suffering, that a family of the name of Byrne, that had fled at the commencement of the rebellion from 'their little place' in the county of Wicklow, and who were now working in a remote part of the county of Antrim, were seeking to get back to their humble possessions, which, however trifling, were to them, their all. Flight at that disastrous period, was, in many instances, no proof of guilt. To have been related to, or in any way connected with the disaffected, was quite enough to draw down on the unfortunate being, who was so circumstanced, all the horrors of the pitch cap and the triangle. This poor man was related to many of the rebels; he was also connected with one of their most active leaders, being joined with him in a lease for the land, part of which constituted his farm; his cabin too, was situated in the immediate vicinity of one of those places of meeting to which the rebels resorted; yet notwithstanding all these condemnatory facts, Byrne was, politically speaking, wholly unconnected with them. He was a man of mild, quiet, timid habits; he was industrious, religious, fond of his family, and of his peaceful home. Such men seldom ally themselves with the boisterous, or disaffected; many efforts had been made to induce him to join their ranks, but without effect: they, therefore, left him to himself and to his little farm, and few spots of land could be better attended to; his wife was a decent, orderly, sensible woman, she prided herself on the whiteness of Patt's shirt, and on the general neatness of her cabin, and her family; they had four children, two girls, and two boys; their eldest was a daughter, just entering on her sixteenth year: Susan was her father's pride, she was a pretty creature, the very picture of rustic innocence and simplicity. When the troubles commenced, the father's fears for the purity and preservation of his

child, roused him to a fixed determination to quit house and home, rather than risk the dangers to which he well knew the recklessness of lawless violence would too surely expose her, whose future happiness had been the chief object of his own and his wife's anxiety; they took with them their children, and the little money which they had saved, and set off on foot to Dublin, which place they reached on the evening of the day on which they had left home.

Their anxiety and fears, as they journeyed along the road, may easily be imagined; often did the wife, in the course of the day, express her regret that they had quitted their little home; and often she wished that Patt had "stood his ground," as she termed it, "and not quitted the place." He allowed her to indulge in that regret, leaving her to believe, that it was his own personal safety he was securing, rather than shock her by an avowal of his fears regarding Susan; such is ever the genuine delicacy of the virtuous mind, be its station in society ever so humble.

They had taken the Bray road, and had proceeded so far on their journey as Booterstown, where they had stopped to get a drink of milk for one of their children, when they were accosted by two drunken yeomen of the lowest grade, who used towards them the most unfeeling, and insolent language; a gentleman, of courteous and dignified appearance, walked up at the moment; on hearing the coarse and brutal address of those privileged ruffians, who, in so many instances, directed public hatred against the justly-respected body to which they belonged, he instantly stepped forward, and in a commanding tone ordered them to pass on; then turning to Byrne and his family, he brought them to his house, where they got a comfortable dinner, and were treated with a kindness worthy of his high calling. He was the rector of an adjoining parish, and was then at the shore, for the benefit of his daughter's health and sea-bathing. He made no other inquiries than merely to ask where they were going—and whether they had money to pay for their lodging? They told him that they were going to Dublin, and the last question being answered in the affirmative, he, with that humility that never fails to accompany true religion, "bade God bless them," and sent them on their way; they walked leisurely into Dublin, and arrived there about seven o'clock.

To persons in their circumstances, the city could have presented no cheering appearance, had they not had every reason to believe that they would be kindly received by those to whom they were going. Byrne's wife had nursed an only child for a gentleman of great respectability, who held a situation in one of the government offices; his name was Joseph Goodwin; he had often expressed a wish to see them in town, and those who knew that excellent man, never doubted the sincerity of his

invitations; to him they were going. He was a man of singular worth and benevolence of character; yet so wayward in many of his acts, that occasionally even his nearest friends mistook him. In his politics he was the most ultra-orangeman to be met with; his eternal themes were, "the Constitution of 1688," "Protestant ascendancy all over the globe," and "the glorious memory of the great and good King William;" with these he managed to get rid of many a pipe of port, and many a hogshead of whiskey, assisted by a group of those thirsty loyalists, who preferred giving such demonstrations of attachment to Church and State, at any other man's expense rather than their own.

From his infancy to his nineteenth year, Mr. Goodwin was in continual suffering, from a disease in his knee, which ended in extreme lameness. During that period, school education was wholly out of the question; nor did the circumstances of his family allow his excellent mother to give him the advantages of a domestic tutor. His father died when Joe was but six years old, and the management and direction of five children, devolved on the widow; these arduous duties she discharged with a well-judging ability, so far as her limited means enabled her. His mind, however, all this time had acquired none of that mastery over its own powers, which a regular course of study seldom fails to impart. His education, with the exception of mere reading and writing, might, in truth be said, to have been wholly neglected. It is true, that he was surrounded by an amiable family, whose love of truth, and reverence for religion, gave the early and just bias to his mind. His heart, which, after all, is the most important part, was well educated; but he wanted those acquirements that properly distinguish the scholar, and the gentleman. It is a very general opinion, that the chief advantage of a good education is, that it *fits* a man for high society; this, we think, is but a confined view of the benefits it confers; it has another, and, in our mind a greater advantage, it *un-fits* him for *low* company. A well-stored, well-balanced mind, accustomed to judge soundly, and to reason for truth, not for triumph—to act from principle and not from mere expediency, is little likely to abandon itself to the blind zeal of the partizan, to the selfishness of the intolerant, or to the meanness of the sordid and the vile. When guided by a cultivated taste, it rejects the vulgar excesses of party, it is not less disgusted at their errors, than shocked at their injustice. Had this excellent man received the benefit of a good education, he would have been found associating himself with men of science, of literature, or of taste; persons, who in the assertion of their opinions, whether political or religious, are seldom found to wound the feelings, or wantonly insult even the prejudices of their opponents, and who, in no instance, degrade themselves, by an indulgence in the riotous habits of boisterous and vulgar revelry. To mingle in such circles is the surest way, both to elevate our thoughts and to increase our stock of knowledge. We become the better and the wiser by such associations; we can really respect, and truly esteem such men; but an intercourse with coarse, low, rapid minds, rendered energetic only by the excitements of party, and the excesses of the bottle, calls upon us so frequently to dissemble our honest indignation and contempt, that we insensibly lose all high and just notions

of social intercourse, and, at last, sink to the meanness of a dexterous insincerity, out of which no man was ever yet able to raise himself. That this kind-hearted man had not so sunk, was in consequence of the early and deeply-seated love of truth, and virtue, which a religious and sensible mother had poured into his heart.

It was to this gentleman's house that Byrne and his family directed their steps. The amazement and admiration with which the appearance of the mighty metropolis struck them, was not unmingled with feelings of awe and terror. Their attention was frequently distracted from the lofty and continuous piles of buildings, the strangeness of the houses, the splendour of the shops, and the throng of well-dressed persons whom they saw on every side, by groups of jaded country-women with children in their arms, on their backs, and clinging to their gowns, hurrying along with frightened and cowering looks, to seek that shelter and protection in the city, which the disturbances and outrage prevalent in the country districts, denied to them at home.

The well known loyalty and worth of the gentleman for whose house Byrne had to inquire, and the general and high esteem in which he was held by all who knew him, greatly facilitated their progress to his town mansion, which they reached in safety at eight o'clock.

By Mr. Goodwin they were received and welcomed most kindly; when he had heard from Byrne the frightful state the country was then in, and thought of the probability of the poor man being confounded with the turbulent and the guilty, ere he could establish his own innocence, (for Byrne never breathed his fears for his daughter,) he fully approved of the journey to town. "You were quite right, Patt," said he, "to come, you might have suffered had you remained; it is impossible for the Government to select the guilty *only* for punishment, in times like these the innocent must often suffer for the crimes of others; but you are now safe, and we must find some employment for you until the times become quiet. Can't you work in a garden, Patt?" "I can indeed, Sir, and well, too, I hope." "Then that is just what I want at present: the fellow that I had in my garden was both idle and drunken, he has left it in a most wretched state. But you shall all go down to-morrow to Clontarf, where my house is. I know that you'll be very happy when you get there, nurse, for you'll find your mistress and miss Ann there; and as to the children, they'll find something for them to do too: they can weed the garden, and keep the walks clean, and they can also amuse themselves on the strand, gathering cockles, when the tide is out; but," looking at Susan, "you must not let them go too far out on the strand, lest the tide should surround them, and swallow them all up." The latter part of this sentence he uttered with an expression of affected gravity, such as good people often put on when they would guard the inexperienced from danger.

Having so far made arrangements for the following day, and perceiving that they were not eating as heartily as he thought they should, the dinner he had desired to be provided for them, he left them, imagining that they would feel more at their ease when by themselves, for though they had told him what an excellent meal they had had from the good old gentleman at Booterstown, still he thought

that they should be hungry after a journey of twenty miles. He gave directions to his servant, as he went up stairs, to have beds ready for them, at whatever time they wished to go to rest.

He rose at an early hour the next morning, and was informed by his servant, that Byrne and his family were then at breakfast. This gratified him, as it proved to him that the poor people had been attended to. He ordered his gig to the door, and desired a car to be sent for, on which Byrne and his family could follow him to Clontarf. He then hastened to set off.

When they arrived there, they found Mrs. Goodwin and her daughter in the garden, arranging some plants in the green-house; the interview was really interesting. Peggy's delight at seeing her former charge, exhibited all that affection and love, that so strongly characterize the Irish nurse. She embraced "her darling Miss Ann," with an ardour, which those who have witnessed such meetings, can easily imagine; she wept with joy, and turning to her mistress with streaming eyes, energetically exclaimed, now, ma'am, "I always told you that Miss Ann would be tall, though you would not believe me." "Indeed you did, nurse," replied her mistress, and I have often thought of your observation, within the last two years. Ann brought nurse through every part of the garden; the children followed, viewing, with the enlarged eyes of rustic curiosity, each novelty as they passed along.—Meanwhile, Byrne had received all necessary directions for entering on his new employment from his master, in one of the side walks.

Having shewn nurse every thing in the garden, Ann's next anxiety was to bring her through every apartment in the house. The furniture and general arrangement of the rooms occupied their attention for some time, at last, the telescope was placed on its stand, and drawn out to the proper focus. Nurse first essayed to look through it, but could see nothing; Byrne next made the attempt, but with no better success; nor was it very surprising, as both of them closed the eye which they had applied to the glass; however, after some ludicrously awkward attempts, he at last succeeded so far, as to catch a glimpse of Bray-head, Sugar-loaf, and the top of the Sculp; this brought back to him, all the association of home: he instantly exclaimed, "Peggy, Peggy, this beats the world;" I can see the very rock, and the heath onould Sugar-loaf;" then taking his eye from it, he looked at the outside of the telescope, at a point of about two-thirds of its length, which he held fast, conceiving that to be the situation of the mountain.

His wife, whom he had so earnestly addressed, evinced the utmost anxiety to look again, but her mistress, who was a kind and sensitive woman, had perceived that the thoughts which had been excited by the view of objects with which they were familiar from their own cabin door, were painful and depressing; she, therefore, sought an opportunity of drawing their attention to something else. She told them that the haziness of the morning made it unfavourable for the use of the telescope, but, said she, "come with me, and I think I'll show you something that you'll both feel a pleasure in looking at;" she then brought them into a sitting room that looked into the garden, and placed them opposite to a large portrait, in oil colours, of their master, our kind hearted friend Joe.

Byrne and nurse, surrounded by their children, stood gazing at the picture. Mrs. Goodwin and Ann placed themselves a little at one side; their educated air and ease, presented an admirable contrast to the all-absorbing intensity of look, with which the simple rustics seemed to be transfixed; the group altogether was fit for the pencil; had a Leslie, a Newton, or a Stephanhoff painted it, it would have been invaluable.

They remained "searching for a likeness," for some minutes, in deep but not motionless attention, for every action that a head is capable of, their's performed during the examination; at one time stooped, at another raised, now turned in this direction, then in that, occasionally moving backwards, then closely approaching the object of their attention, at last Byrne, slapping his thigh with his hand, thus broke out, "by the gor of war, mistress, its the Prince of Wales—sure enough, only he has'n't his fine large feathers." "The Prince of Wales!" said Mrs. Goodwin, with an evident feeling of disappointment, "now what enabled you to make that discovery Patt?" "Oh! faith ma'am, I'll tell you that, you see ma'am, Dinny Toole, just above Killincarig, has a nate sign of him up these five years, that's the way that I come to know it, why then you see, its himself that's sorry enough for putting up the same sign, my poor Dinny, for not a hap'orth do they call him, from that day to this, but Prince O'Toole!"

His mistress, though a sensible woman, was perhaps better pleased to find him whom she loved, mistaken for a Prince, than for an humbler person, and told them whose picture it was, "Faith then, so it is," exclaimed Byrne, "Well, well, Peggy, isn't it mighty quare that we did'n't see that at wanst, sure enough there's his own rosy cheek, with the nate little dimple at the corner of his mouth, the heaven's bless him, and the powther too, in his hair; och, well, well, but there's nothing can bate the art of man."

"That's true for you Patt," said his wife, then after a pause, she turned to her mistress, "why then ma'am, begging your pardon, neither yourself, nor the master, used to be so easily played with your linnen, whin I lived with you; faith I never seen such a coloured shirt and cravat on him afore." "Oh nurse, I find you are no judge of painting," said her mistress, good humouredly, "that was all purposely done so, by the artist, for what he terms effect, he tells me, that it makes the flesh look much better, than if those were white."

"Oh! faith then may be so ma'am," said nurse, "to be sure, how should I, or the likes of me know such things, only you see ma'am, what I was thinking of was, what a fright a yellow shirt makes of Patt, thro' he is not the same man wid it at all, as when it does be clane and white."

Byrne perceiving that poor Peggy's criticism on the soiled appearance, (or in painter's phrase, the subdued tone,) of the cravat, had not quite pleased her mistress, began praising the colour of the hand, in the corner of the picture, "its so natural," said Patt, "just the colour it used to be, whin he was very bad with the gout, as red as scarlet, every bit of it."

"O not at all, Byrne," said Mrs. Goodwin, "your master had not the gout when he sat for that picture."

"Had'n't he, ma'am?"

"No, no, that is the shadow on the hand,

Mr. Leake says, there must always be one hand in shadow; Sir Joshua Reynolds always puts one hand in shadow, is not that what Mr. Leake says, Ann my love?"

"O yes, mamma, but you know he also said, that when the curtain is red, then the shadow on the hand in the corner, should be warm, quite hot, to keep pace with the other reds in the picture."

"So he did, Ann my dear, I quite forgot that."

"Faith then ma'am," said Byrne, "I was'n't so far ashstray for all that, for that hand looks as hot, for all the world, as a blazing sod of turf."

M.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

1. *Practical Theology*; comprising Discourses on the Liturgy and Principles of the United Church of England and Ireland; critical and other tracts; and a speech delivered in the House of Peers in the year 1824. By John Jebb, D. D. F. R. S. Bishop of Limerick, Ardferit and Aghadoe. 2 vols. large 8vo. London, Duncan.

2. *The Clergyman's Obligations considered*: as to the celebration of divine worship, ministration of the sacraments, instruction of the poor, preaching, and other official duties; and as to his personal character and conduct, his occupations, amusements and intercourse with others; with particular reference to the Ordination vow. By Richard Mant, D. D. M. R. I. A. Bishop of Down and Connor.—Oxford, printed by Baxter, for J. Parker and C. Rivington, London, 12mo. pp. 397.

AT this solemn season, when the thoughts of the whole christian world, without distinction of sect or party, are, or ought to be, directed to the devout contemplation of the cross and passion of him who brought life and immortality to light, we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded by the appearance of the books placed at the head of this review, to direct the attention of our readers, in an especial manner, to works connected with the all-important subject of religion. These works, which have just been forwarded to us by our publishers, are from the pens of two very eminent and distinguished ornaments of the protestant church in Ireland. Of Bishop Jebb's black-letter learning, his knowledge of Hebrew poetry, and his profound study of the ancient Greek fathers, we shall not here presume to speak; but we may describe him as a divine who unites to sound philosophical views, thoroughly orthodox principles, and sincere and ardent piety, an intimate acquaintance with all the lighter and more elegant branches of scholarship, great general knowledge, and a pure and elevated taste. The title of *Practical Theology*, prefixed to his present work, had led us to expect something different from what it proves to be. There is nothing like a connected system developed in it at all. We have, in the two volumes, twenty-four sermons, on various subjects, with notes and illustrations; several of these sermons are re-prints, but none of them, to the best of our recollection, is contained in the volume of sermons 'chiefly practical,' formerly published by the same author.

As the bishop of Limerick justly ranks high in what may be called the orthodox philosophical school of theology in Ireland, we select

a brief specimen, (from his sermon on the end of all things,) which will afford our readers an opportunity of judging of the combination of strong good sense and earnest piety, which characterises his sentiments on religion.

"Let it not, however, be imagined, that we would stigmatize or depreciate the pursuits of active life. Far from us be such egregious folly! We cannot put them down, if we would; for they are interwoven with the very fibres of civil society. Divine Providence has identified them with the habits, passions, and affections, of mankind. The convictions of our judgment, the events of every hour, the wants of every moment, tell us that they must go on. And we would not put them down, if we could; for, assuredly, it would be no slight indication of growing improvement, if man were to become more diligent, more intellectual, more conversant with subjects which require patient research, comprehensive views, and long-sighted sagacity. Especially, we would not put them down, because, we are assured, that the same infinitely wise Disposer, who, at all times, and in all places, has rendered the prominent pursuits of men, subservient to his great designs, will, doubtless, make the prevailing tastes of this our day, instrumental to the growth of knowledge, the advancement of civilization, and the progress of religion.

"We cheerfully admit the value, then, of all secular pursuits, that do not trench upon the sacred principles of Christian virtue. But we cannot forget, and shame and woe must be our portion, if we do not remind our hearers, that 'one thing is needful,' indispensably needful. With this truth, therefore, in our view, and with its consequences in our apprehension, we do most seriously deplore, that numbers, who, in very important instances, contribute to the public welfare, are blind to their own true happiness; are devoting themselves, with more than Roman hardihood, and in a far more awful sense, and to no salutary purpose, when there is a sure and summary mode of attaining every real good that the heart of man can wish, or that his imagination can devise. For the voice of inspiration testifies, and multiplied experience strengthens our conviction, that 'godliness is profitable to all things; having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.'

"Truly, the children of this world, wise in their own generation, are foolish in the estimate of comprehensive reason. They know not what they lose. Christianity is neither weakness, nor enthusiasm, nor superstition. It is the sublimest philosophy, realized by fact, and teaching by example. It is the unclouded perception of our ultimate end, and the vivid apprehension of the best means, through every stage of our earthly pilgrimage. It is a blessed communion with that Infinite Mind, which regulates, adjusts, and predisposes all things. It is a filial access to that benevolent parent, who withholds no good thing from the children of his love; who guides them with his counsel; who teaches them by his spirit; who sheds his holiest influence around their guarded footsteps; and who, at the last, will receive them into heavenly mansions, prepared before the foundation of the world.

"Yes; as Christians we are called to a high vocation. It is the happy peculiarity of our religion, to place its mature proficient on that serene and holy eminence, which philosophers and poets loved to figure to themselves,